THE OBSERVER.

NEW-YORK:

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 30, 1809.

From the EYE over the last number.

I have been, till now, in the pocket of one of our subscribers, and seize this opportunity to let you know, as I promised, when you touched me with the intellectual ointment, every thing I have seen since we parted.

I was very much prepossessed, at first sight, with the young gentleman with whom the carrier left me. You must know I believe myself to be a great physiognomist, however you may be inclined to doubt it after this. - - - - I thought him an excellent young man, but with rather more fondness for the gaities of life, than perhaps the rigid eye of Discretion could look upon without a frown. Moore's description of his early life popt into my mind, and I fancied it would suit my young hero.

" Delicious days of whim and soul,
" When love and lore were mixt together ;
" He lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,
" And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feather."

He put me into his pocket, and I hugged myself to think how much of life I should see ; what flashes of wit ; what mirth and merryment ; and what sweet interchanges of courtesy I should be witness to in the elegant and refined company, with which I had no doubt this young gentleman associated. - - - - ' Ah ! said I, apostrophizing with myself, how unlike that class of our dull citizens, whose only joys are such as the senses can afford ; - - - - to eat, and drink, and sleep - - to see, to smell, and to taste, are their only and weary pleasures. They cloy their appetites. Each leaden lazy day is like the one preceding it ; and the languid iteration kills every spark of fire ;---their passions and spirits decay ; their affections cease ; and the whole soul dies before the man.

" They beat and beat
The beaten track, they bid each wretched day
The former mock, they surfeit on the same ;
They yawn their joys, and thank a misery
For change."

This could not be the case, I thought, with my new aquaintance. - - - At this moment he took me out of his pocket to read, I suppose; but, being interrupted, he put me back again; however I had time to make some physiognomonical calculations. I saw Benevolence in his chin, Taste and Wit about his lips, Courage in the shape of his nose;---his eye was kindled with a soul, that was confirmed by his forehead, to be good and great. - Now I will give you his adventures since I have been in his company. This is a copy of his diary, and I am witness to the truth of it; though I am afraid he wont be very well pleased to see it published. You must not mention his name.

Sunday April 23. After tea took a walk;---met J** Saunter - - - went to Baker's - - - puffed smoke at each other, talked politics, and drank two Perrys till eleven.

Monday 24th. After the business of the day, took a walk - - - saw two or three pretty girls - - - followed them up one street and down another till I was tired - - - went to Hodgkinson's - - - no fun going on, but staid till twelve.

Tuesday 25th. Went electioneering - - - could not get any body to take a ticket of me for a long while; at last a black man took one, but soon after saw him light a segar with it. - - - Got a little snupt, and went to Mrs. W *****'s.

Wednesday 26th. Made two or three bets on our side; but took care to bet the other way too, so can't lose.

Went to Martling's - - - somebody made an excellent speech - - - helped to huzza and clap, but I was so far off I could not hear what was said - - - very hot - - - got in a dispute about Pat M' Koy and staid out so late I got locked out.

Thursday 27th. Went electioneering - - - went to all the wards - - - got one old fellow to vote, but I guess I gave him a wrong ticket, for I found nothing but the other tickets in my pocket - - - helped to huzza at night.

Friday 28th. Got discharged for not attending to my business. Did the stupid fellow think I was to attend his store and not go and see how they came on at the polls, a damn'd Tory---I'll never give up my rights. - - - - At night took the rounds.

Saturday 29th. Sick and - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Now you'll say I was very much mistaken in the man. I am not. A physionomist being asked his opinion of Socrates, gave a very unfavourable one, and directly opposite to his character. He was laughed at. But Socrates rebuked them, and confirmed the observation, by saying he had many natural bad propensities, but he had conquered them. This young man has had all the good qualities which his face indicates; but bad habits; bad company, have made him nothing, who might have been every thing.

THE EYE.

Given at my lodgings in a gutter in George's-street.

EARLY TASTE FOR READING.

Continued from page 75

Much depends upon the period at which the taste for reading commences. If it be late, the mind seems freqently to have acquired a previous obstinacy and untractableness. The late reader makes a superficial acquaintance with his author, but is never admitted with the familiarity of a friend; stiffness and formality are always visible between them. He does not become the creature of his

author, neither bends with all his caprices, nor sympathises with all his sensations. This mode of reading, upon which we depend for the consummation of our improvement, can scarcely be acquired, unless we begin to read with pleasure at a period too early for memory to record,---lisp the numbers of the poet, and in our unpractised imagination, adhere to the letter of the moralizing allegorist. In that case we should soon be induced ourselves to "build the unpolished "rhyme," and shall act over in fond imagination the scenes we have reviewed.

An early taste for reading, though a most promising indication, must not be exclusively depended on. It must be aided by favourable circumstances, or the early reader may degenerate into an unproductive pedant, or a literary Idler.---We may instanec many great geniuses, who, when ripened to the birth, have been extinguished. Much more may the materials of genius suffer an untimely blight, and terminate in an abortion. But what is most to be feared, is, that some adverse gale should hurry the adventurer a thousand miles athwart an endless chaos of labours, removing him from the genial influence of a tranquil leisure, or transporting him to a dreary climate where the half formed blossoms of hope shall be irremediably distroyed.

> The cancer galls the infant of the spring,
> Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
> And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
> Contagious blastments are most eminent.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

That the mind may expatiate in its true element, it is necessary that it should become neither the victim of labour, nor the slave of terror, discouragement and digest:---this is the true danger. As to pedantry it may be questioned whether it be the offspring of early reading, or of a taste for reading taken up at a late and inauspicious period. J. L. B.

A HUMBLE STATION SUPERIOR TO GRANDEUR AND RICHES.

You to whom prosperity has hitherto been very shy of her favours, have not a feeling about your circumstances, which does not touch, in a most sensible manner, every sentiment of my heart. I mean not to silence, but to sooth you. To insult you would be as mean as it is cruel; and sympathy, imparted with delicacy, is of all other cordials, the most welcome and salutary to a mind in distress.

I know when impatience rages, you may perhaps wish for wings to range at large with the birds of heaven, or fins to plunge and glide in common with the fish of the sea, or indeed for any thing rather than your present station, where there is not a spot on which you can set a foot, which is not the property of another; as if nature, in your case, produced more children than she can provide for, or at least, were unwilling to extend her mansions as her family increased. Strange! can the Author of all things be envious of the small pittance of happiness which riches afford, that he distributes them with so sparing a hand? or, does he allow a few only the superior indulgence of living on the sweat, the industry, the vitals of the rest, that the minority may be blessed, and the majority miserable?

Quarrel not, thou grasshopper! with an all wise Providence, or presume with thy scanty powers to fathom the deeps of unsearchable wisdom. An overweening curiosity, prompted by petulance and pride,

suggests questions endless, impious, unanswerable. What is human nature, what is human life, but a mixture of good and ill? Such is the world, and such the state of things in the world; such it has been, and will be to the last. Blessing and cursing, flowers and weeds are so closely interwoven in the garden of life, that the latter must unavoidably come up with the former. Many of the most lovely and delicate roses in the moral as well as in the natural world are surrounded with prickles. The sun never shines brighter than before, or sweeter than after, a shower: and the smiles and graces which wanton on the face of nature, seldom sparkle so lovely as when followed or preceded by a storm. There is scarcely a pleasure we attain, but at the expense of some virtue, scarcely a suffering we endure, but what is intended to terminate in the destruction of some vice.

Ambition is the greatest foible of the human heart, and pregnant almost with every plague that embitters and embroils the life of man. We aspire as naturally as we move, and equally hector in every situation. The moment fancy takes fire, all the reasoning in the world cannot suppress the flame. But why would you exchange that beautiful variety and subordination, which through all existance marks the adjustments of intelligence, for an equality, which, for aught you know, is impossible? Go, exert the powers which nature has given thee. All life lies open before thee, and thou mayest either degrade thyself beneath the brutes, or rival superior natures by application. Hardship is the natural soil in which all great virtues are planted, bud, and blossom, and break forth into a full harvest of glory. The sphere, in which mere animals are destined to move, is as limited as it is low; but thine own heart tells thee, at times, that all nature is too narrow for thy wishes. Thy progress will be more conspicuous and meritorious, that it takes its rise from a beginning so very imperceptible. Poverty gives thee an opportunity of improving by the exertion of talents that might otherwise have slept for ever: povery supercedes all those wants, and retrenches all those superfluous desires, which trifle so cruelly with the happiness of multitudes: poverty quashes an immoderate love of life, breaks the spell which fascinates the senses, purifies the temper, mellows the heart, and prepares the mind for that glorious flight to futurity, which, soaring far beyond the confines of misery and guilt, terminates at once in the full fruition of a blessed immortality.

This world often strikes me merely as a school of military discipline, in which the worst often turn out in files, and the best run the gantelope: and who would envy their post, who act but the part of executioners at best? How many, intoxicated with prosperity, and blinded by the mercenary sycophants that surround them, are a burden to themselves, a scourge to society, live in slavery, and die in despair. And is not thy situation better than theirs? The world cannot mortify thee as it mortifies them, What though thy bed should be harder, thy clothes coarser, and thy food less sumptuous than theirs?----trust me, thy sleep is no less refreshing, that thou canst not doze on down; thy body less comfortable, that it is not swaddled in silk; or thy health less vigorous, that it is not pampered with wines, and spices, and delicacies without end.

In one word....and may heaven stamp it deeply on our hearts;.... let each of us be as good as we can, and, whatever becomes of the world, we shall yet be happy. A revolution in favour of Virtue is determined, and shall take place in spite of earth and hell. Then the invidious distinctions of wealth and rank shall be forgotten, and

all mankind find themselves on a footing of perfect equality with one another ; so that life is really too short, and too trifling to render any thing greatly affecting, or of much consequence, that can happen to us here.

ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME

The life which we enjoy, is like a perpetual miracle, of God's divine mercy : The time which is left to us, is the consequence of an infinity of tender mercies and grace, which composes the thread and the train, as it were of your life : Every moment we breathe, is like a new gift we receive from God ; and to waste that time, and these moments, in a deplorable inutility, is to insult that Infinite Goodness, which has granted them to us ; to dissipate an inestimable grace, which is not our due ; and to deliver up to chance the price of our eternity. Behold, my brethren, the first guilt attached to the loss of time : It is a precious treasure left to us, though we no longer have any right to it ; which is given to us, for the purpose alone of purchasing the kingdom of heaven ; and which we dissipate, as a thing the most vile and contemptible, and of which we know not any use to make.

In the world, we would regard that man as a fool, who, heir to a great fortune, should allow it to be wasted, through want of care and attention : and should make no use of it, either to raise himself to places and dignities, which might draw him from obscurity, or in order to confirm to himself, a solid establishment, which might place him in future beyond the reach of any reverse.

But, my brethren, time is that precious treasure, which we have inherited from our birth, and which the Almighty leaves to us through pure compassion : It is in our possession, and it depends upon ourselves to make a proper use of it. It is not in order to exalt ourselves to frivolous dignities here below, or to worldly grandeurs : Alas ! whatever passes away, is too vile to be the price of time, which is itself the price of eternity : It is in order to be placed in the heavens above, at the side of Jesus Christ : It is in order to separate us from the crowd of the children of Adam, above all Cæsars and Kings of the earth, in that immortal society of the happy, who shall all be kings, and whose reign shall have no bounds, but those of eternity.

What madness, then, to make no use of a treasure so inestimable : In frivolous amusements, to waste that time, which may be the price of eternal salvation ; and to allow the hopes of our immortality, to be dissipated in smoke ! Yes, my brethren, there is not a day, an hour, a moment, but which, properly employed, may merit us heaven. A single day lost, ought, therefore, to leave to us remorses, a thousand times more lively and poignant, than the failure of the greatest worldly prospects ; yet, nevertheless, this time is a burden to us : Our whole life is only one continued science to lose it ; and in spite of all our anxieties to waste it, there always, however, remains more than we know how to employ ; and yet, the thing upon the earth we have the smallest value for, is our time : Our acts of kindness, we reserve for our friends : Our bounties, for our dependents : Our riches, for our children and relations: Our praises, for those who appear worthy of them: Our time we give to all the world : We expose it, as I may say, a prey to all mankind : They even do us a pleasure in delivering us from it : It is a weight, as it were, which we support in the midst of the world, while incessantly in search of some one who may ease us of its burden. In this manner, time, that gift of God, that most pre-

cious blessing of his clemency, and which ought to be the price of our eternity, occasions all our embarrassments, all our weariness, and becomes the most oppressive burden of our life.

But a second reason, which makes us feel, still more sensibly, our absurdity in setting so little value upon the time the Almighty leaves to us, is, that not only it is the price of our eternity, but likewise, it is short, and we cannot hasten too much to employ it to advantage. For, my brethren, had we even a long series of ages to exist upon the earth, that space would, in truth, be still too short to be employed in meriting everlasting happiness; yet its duration would at least enable us to retrieve those accidental losses. The days and moments lost, would at least form only a point, scarcely perceptible, in that long series of ages we should have to pass here below. But, alas! Our whole life is itself but an imperceptible point: The longest endures so little: Our days and our years are shut up in such narrow limits, that we see not what we can have still to lose, in a space so short and rapid. We are only, as I may say, a moment upon the earth: like those fiery exhalations, which, in the obscurity of night, are seen wandering in the air, we only appear, to vanish in a moment, and be replunged, for ever, into our original and everlasting darkness: The exhibition we make to the world is but a flash, which is extinguished almost in the same moment it exists: We say it ourselves every day. Alas! How can we take days and hours of rest, from a life, which is itself but a moment,? And besides, if you retrench from that moment, all you are under the necessity of allowing to the indispensable necessities of the body, to the duties of your station, to unexpected events, and the inevitable complaisances due to society, what remains for yourself, for God, and for eternity? And are we not worthy of pity; we, who know not how to employ the little which remains to us, and who fly to the assistance of a thousand artifices to abridge its duration?

To the little time, my brethren, we have to live upon the earth, add the number of past crimes, which we have to expiate in this short interval. How many iniquities are collected upon our heads, since our first years: Alas! Ten lives, like ours, would scarcely suffice to expiate a part of them: The time would still be too short; and it would be necessary to call upon the goodness of God, to prolong the duration of our penance. Great God! What portion can remain to me for pleasures and indolence, in a life so short and so criminal as mine? What place, then, can frivolous sports and amusements find in an interval so rapid; and which altogether would not suffice to expiate a single one of my crimes?

Ah! my brethren, do we even think upon it? A criminal condemned to death, and to whom a single day is only allowed to endeavour towards obtaining his pardon, would he find hours and moments still to trifle away? Would he complain of the length of the time, which the humanity and goodness of his judge had awarded him? Would he be embarrassed how to use it? Would he search for frivolous amusements to assist him to pass those precious moments, which were left to him to merit his pardon and deliverance? Would he not endeavour to profit by an interval so decisive with regard to his destiny? Would he not replace, by the anxiety, vivacity, and continuance of his exertions, what might be wanting from the brevity of the time allowed to him? Fools that we are! our sentence is pronounced; our guilt renders our condemnation certain: We are left a single day to shun the evil, and to change the rigour of our eternal decree: And this only day, this rapid day, we indolently pass in occupations vain, slothful, and puerile.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The French lettre-a-marque L' Esperance, Captain Deplace, arrived at Boston, in a short passage from Bordeaux, and brings the following intelligence.

Vienna, Feb. 28—The Wurtemburg and Bavarian Ambassadors are about to quit this capital. The different corps of our army are to be commanded by the Archdukes, and Gen. Lichtenstein, Rosemburgh, Klenau, Kallawart, and Bellegarde.

March 1, His Excellency Gen. Andreossy has taken leave of our court, on his return to Paris. He passed Augsburg the 6th March, and continued his route without stopping.

Paris, March 22.---The Vienna Court Gazette continues to give all the absurdities of the English journals. The manner in which the events in Turkey are recounted, prove evidently that Austria has contributed all in her power to the peace between the Porte and England. Mr. Adair formerly Ambassador to the Austrian Court, when he left Vienna had letters of recommendation to the Austrian Internuncio at Constantinople.

We learn that an Austrian corps has shown itself on the banks of the Inn on the side of the Passau: For this cause the Court of Munich has ordered its troops in Swabia and Franconia to join those in Bavaria, who are to concentrate on the Iser. The garrisons of Ulm and Augsburgh are already on their march.

Nuremburg, March 7. All the Bavarian troops are marching to the Inn.

Burgos, (Spain) March 5. General Sebastiana pursues his success. Marshals Junot and St. Cyr are approaching Valencia, which it is expected will not make any defence.

Sarragossa surrendered on the 19th February, to the Duke of Monteballo (Lasnes). Such of the garrison as would not swear allegiance to Joseph I. were to be sent prisoners of war into France.

IMPERIAL DECREE OF FEB. 25, 1809.

ART. 1. American vessels which have been detained in the ports of the Empire, solely by the (French) Embargo, are permitted to return directly to the United States. This favour is not extended to such vessels as have been detained on account of irregular papers, or from any other cause.

ART. 2. The vessels, the embargo on which is thus raised, shall be placed in the disposition of M. Gen. Armstrong, Minister plenipotentiary of the United States, to guarantee their direct return to that country. The bonds given on their departure shall only be cancelled by certificates of our Consuls, &c. in America, that their cargoes were landed therein, and were composed only of the productions or industry of our Empire; and that no part of them was the produce of the soil of the colonies, or of the commerce of England.

Capt. M'Cobb who arrived at Boston on Sunday, in 18 days, from St Croix, reports that several days before he sailed, accounts had been received there that 9 sail of the line of French ships of war, and said to be the Brest Fleet, had arrived and retaken Mariagalante, where they were left at the last accounts.

We understand that the money in dispute between the United States and the State of Pennsylvania, in Olmstead's case, was paid by the state on Wednesday morning.

The tidings from Spain are late. Sarragossa surrendered the 24th February, after a memorable siege: the particulars of which fill three papers.---About 10,000 of the garrison had passed Bayonne---The south of Spain had not been overrun; nor had Cadiz been invested. The French had entered Oporto, and were advancing on Lisbon.

The British fleet at the latest date, remained near Rochfort.

Saturday evening, April 29---There is a report in town, that the French Rochefort squadron, of 3 sail of the line and 4 frigates, has taken Madeira, and was on its way to Guadaloupe.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

BY I. WATTS, D.D.

Say, mighty Love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs,
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine
And be as bless'd as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

Not the dull pairs, whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
Are married just like Stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heav'nly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none beside the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Sampson's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind,
For love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. William Beach, to Miss Hester Concklin, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 26st inst. by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Charles Rhind, to Miss Susan Fell.

On the same evening, by the Rev. John Williams, Mr. Charles Lewis White, to Miss Elizabeth Decker, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell Mr. Daniel Stanbury, to Miss Eliza Funk, both of this city.

BILL OF MORTALITY.

from the 15th to the 22d April.

	Years.		Years.
Sarah Glover	43	Belinda [a black]	12
Ann Sims	56	Mary Dolmadie	22
John Marshall	50	Betsy Finn	21
Margaret Collins	33	Hannah Francis	60
Hannah Stout	30	Maria Guines	3
Abigail Kelly	39	Jacob Bush	10
Mary Hawkin	28	Mary Ann Antho-	
Francis Hurley	53	ny 3 mon.	
Marg. A. Crolius	33	Thomas Gaul	6
Phebe Bayley	30	Stephen Kelly	4
John Jaques	30	Michael Friell	6
Elsie Smilie	60	Jane Maria Jessup	9

Printed and published by W. Elliot, corner of Wall and William-sts; sold also at Mr. Sinclairs's bookstore, No. 259, Broadway.